## OVE WILL NEVER DIE

By JOHN HUNTER

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY strophisticated in the world's ways, alls in love with a falls in love with a falls in love with a fall of the world's ways, alls in love with a fall of the world's waterlying his reckless career of the world's waterlying his reckless career of the world's waterly and idleness. He is a wastre, being and idleness. He is a wastre, water his fall of the world water he was a waterly of waterly waterly of waterly waterly of waterly waterly waterly of waterly wate

ey's Knight-Jim Harkness!

DREY BRENT strayed into the garden, and the scented wind came ling across the upland to meet her. had come home with her aust, to that her mother had been detained town, but would return in the morn-of the following day. And this was

morning.

Audrey picked her way through the more beds and came to the gate opening on to the lane. Behind her was rambling house, with its long redescripts slowing down to overhangd roofs sloping down to overhang-eaves, along which, Audrey re-mbered, the pigeons would sit and

bered, the pigeons would sit and together.

Beyond the house the valley dipped rose again to Biggin Hill, and on the ride lay Sevenoaks, with the last Hastings road cutting earough to Tonbridge. The place was serene, leof, and Audrey thought it must be the most peaceful spot in all the world.

Arough one of the windows she could an Aunt Ella, busy already with her sitting, and she wondered at the difference between her aunt and her letter—the one old and homely, the light young for her years and essensily a woman of the world.

Ten minutes later her mother arrived and Audrey was in her arms. Contance held her at arms' length after the first embrace and eyed her critically and proudly.

ally and proudly.
"I believe you have grown taller, addrey," she said. "Every time I see you seem to have grown more beau-"I bought it in Paris." Audrey wied at her mother anxiously. "You tired and worn out. Was your

tired and worn out. Was your tworrying yesterday?"
Constance gazed round her. This

Constance gazed round her. This stage was a sanctuary of peace, a sid of anodyne for an overstrained matality. She forced a smile.

"I had rather a trying day, but I shall soon feel all right, now I am home with you. Cone along in and tell me all about your trip."

They went into the drawing room, and, with constant references to Aunt Ella, Audrey told her mother of her holiday. At the finish she hesitated and then said: "Mamma, I am going to have a visitor—my first caller."

From far away down the hill the soise of a motorcar engine sounded hintly. None of them heeded it.

"Yes?" said Constance. "Who is a suddrey flushed and stole a glance at

Audrey flushed and stole a glance at Aunt Eila. 'It isn't a she. It's a man. We met him at Lucerne, and he traveled as far as Monte Carlo with us. He you, aunty?—so I gave him my address

Constance felt a twinge of jealousy and then a sudden overwhelming denair. She should have foreseen this. aughter from her, leaving her alone in the desert of her life. It was a thing the had not considered, a further punament for her folly in the years that

The noise suder and his topped the hill.

Audrey. Constance turned to the then his mouth closed tight. "Do you like him very much?"

Audrey blushed. "More than that, I "You Must Leave—Forever"

Audrey blushed.

Audrey blushed. 'More than that, I think, mamma.'

Constance Brent felt sick. The roar of the passing car filled the room, and the suddenly stopped. Audrey ran to the window. 'It's a motorcar, and it has stopped here. It's—'' She tamed excitedly, 'It's he! I didn't tamed excitedly, 'It's he! I didn't tamed excitedly, 'It's he! I didn't stared excitedly, 'It's he! I didn't stared

the scurried from the room, and a few minutes later returned, her face arow with a light which chilled her mother's heart. She read all the threat-ened loneliness of the coming years in that look.

And then Constance got to her feet with her face gone white and pitiful. Behind Audrey stood Jim Harkness!

Constance Brent stood still for a lately appreciable atom of time: vet it

constance Brent stood still for a bardly appreciable atom of time: yet it seemed to her that a century had passed and written its mark indelibly on her heart. Audrey's most wonderful knight, the man round whom the girl must have woven a fabric of romantic thought—Jim Herkness!

Her eyes rested on Audrey's face. Ex-

Her eyes rested on Audrey's face. Excitament was there, a wistful pride of possession, an unconscious appeal for approval of this man—and love. Constance would have been less than a woman if she could not have read the talags which showed in Audrey's expression; more than a woman if the creaty of it had not wounded her until she falt faint.

And Harkness eyed her coldly, but with a maelstrom of emotion surging beneath his coldness. A jest! He had called it a jest, and he had not realized the magnitude of it. He had only thought that God had played with him by allowing him to ruin himself, and then fall in love with a woman from whom his own actions separated him irrevocably. But the jest had gone farther. This girl whom he had placed an a pedestal and fallen down and worshiped, this girl whom he had credited with a white purity and a blameless life, was the daughter of Constances. with a white purity and a blameless life, was the daughter of Constance Brent—a woman who ran a club which, despite its evaluations was nothing Brent—a woman who ran a club willing despite its exclusiveness, was nothing but a gilded gambling hell!

Unaware of the gray wings of trag-edy which shadowed them, Audrey which shadowed them, Audrey which shadowed them, Audrey worker, I want you to meet Mr. Harkness, who was with Aunty and me at Lucerne and Monte Carlo. Jim

me at Lucerne and Monte Car.

They mother."

Constance Brent thought quickly.
Addrey must never know of the Eros
Club. She must get Harkness alone
somehow, and talk to him. Meanwhile—She stepped forward and held
out her hand.

They found Audrey busy with the
tea under the great oak, which spread
a cool shadow over one corner of the
lawn, and Harkness went straight up
to her.

"A trophy!" he smiled, holding out
to her.

"But although I bring it,

omehow, and talk to him. Meanwhile—She stepped forward and held
out her hand.
"So this is Mr. Harkness," she
smiled. To Harkness she added:
"Audrey has been telling me a lot about
to meet you."

Harkness took her fingers loosely in
the grip. He did it mechanically, for
the was filled with shocked surprise.
This woman was wonderful. Her coolarea, her case of manner, and—
It came to him that she was pretending not to know him; that she was
specting him to behave as a perfect
stranger. He glanced at Audrey and
then back to Constance, and in that
glance, despite his bitterness, he realized
the difference between the mother and
daughter.

If Audrey has been as enthusiastic
the tulip. "But although I bring it,
I am a beaten man. Your mother's
tulips are unsurpassable."
They sat down, Aunt Ella grave and
quict, eyeing Constance curiously, Audirey happy and excited.
With the meal finished Harkness
turned to Audrey and said: "By the
way, the Academy this year is very
interesting. If you care for modern
art at all I should be nwfully glad
if you would go there with me. We
might go tomorrow morning if it would
suit you."
"I should love it," said Audrey
"May I go, mamma?"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Copurlant, 1992, by the McClure Newson.

a two-edged meaning to his words which only Constance Brent appreciated.

They sat down, and Audrey lounged on the arm of her mother's chair. Through the open French windows the scented breeze stole in from the hills, and the garden spread itself in a rlot of color and fresh green down to the thick hedge bordering the lane. Harkness reflected ironically that it was a fitting setting for the grimness of the little play which was being acted in the shadowed, cool room.

"You have a wonderful garden." Harkness felt that he must say something.

"You like flowers?" Constance be-gan to glimpse a way to that private interview which she desired so much. "I think flowers are very wonderful. You are an enthusiast?"

"I am largely responsible for my garden," admitted Constance. "I might almost claim to be an expert in the growing of roses and tulips."

"I have seen the tulips in Holland," said Harkness, clinging to the topic with the desperation of a man at a loss

with the desperation of a man at a loss for words.

Constance smiled. "I believe you are challenging me indirectly. I can assure you that my tulips are as fine as any they have over there. By the way, would you like a cup of tea?"

"Thank you. I should." Harkness began to wonder if Constance was leading up to some definite point.

Constance turned to Audrey. "Mary has gone down to Sevenoaks, dear.

has gone down to Sevenoaks, dear. Would you get some tea? We will have

would you get some tea? We will have it under the oak. In the meantime I am going to show Mr. Harkness my tulips, and prove to him that I am not an idle boaster."

Audrey ran off to the kitchen, and, with Aunt Ella still quietly knitting. Constance got to her feet. There was a direct challenge in her eyes as she looked at Harkness.

Harkness followed her out into the blazing sunshine, across the lawn, and round the bend until they came to the flower garden. And then she turned and faced him.
They were silent, until Harkness
said: "Well?"

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"Why did you do it?" That was all Constance could say at first, and the misery of it might have touched Harkness but for the armor of bitterness in which he had encased himself.

"I don't understand you." His tone was studiously cold, and it stirred Constants to open.

stance to anger.

"I can well believe you are unable to understand." The sneer hardened the lines round Harkness' mouth. Constance stepped closer to him. "Listen, Harkness! My little girl is white, pure as the standard of the lines in the standard of the lines." We want her hand toward. these flowers'—waving her hand toward the whispering blossoms behind her.
"She does not know. Do you see what I mean? She has been to school on the Continent and come home fresh and unsullied. You cannot realize what it is to be a girl on the threshold of life; you cannot grasp the innocence of it, the miracle of it."

"Oh, I know I'm pretty low-down, but spare me a little. Do you mind going on?"

Constance spoke more swiftly, softly, all you are the property of the proper

almost as though she panted. "All my life I've stood between my daughter and—and"—Constance almost said "such men as you," but she found other words in time—"and the world. I have seen her grow up just as I have seen these flowers grow—delicate, wonderful, and I have planned during the days and nights of my loneay a man must come and take her ter from her, leaving her alone in the total field it was a thing and find love and goodness all through the total field it he hill.

It was a thing and find love and goodness all through the life. She told me a little of the man she had met at Lucerne, and I read sufficient to know that he had captivated her imagination. It hurt me; a mother must always be hurt when her child learns to care for somebody else; but I consoled myself with the thought that begin the hill.

"Do you approve of him, Ella?" asked Constance, and wondered at the lightness she managed to infuse into her lightness she managed to infuse into her that the man she met would be worthy of her. And then she showed me you.

My God!"

Harkness seemed about to speak, and then his mouth closed tight. consoled myself with the thought that

She stopped abruptly, and Harkness stared at her with inscrutable eyes.

He had come down to Knockholt to tell Audrey all about himself, and to show her how impossible it was for their friendship to continue. But now he felt himself wavering. Who was Constance Brent that she should dictate to him his proper conduct toward a girl who, after the daughter of up advenall, was only the daughter of an adven-turess? He loved Audrey; and he want-ed her above all things. The selfishness which had dominated his life up to that moment grasped at the opportunity to assert itself. He was as good as this woman who was Audrey's mother. Besides, he would not be driven.

'Does Audrey know about the Eros?'
Constance gave back his stare. 'Of

"Does Audrey know about the Eros?"
Constance gave back his stare. "Of course she does not. I tell you she is innocent, pure. Heavens, Harkness, can't you realize it?"
Harkness ignored the passion of the appeal. "You say I am not goed enough for her?"
"Are you? Can you say that you

"Are you? Can you say that you

are? "I am good enough for the daughter of a woman who runs a gaming house."
It was the cruelest thing Jim Harkness had ever said to a woman, and ever afterward he regretted it. But at the moment all the man's nature was in

open revolt, and he went on ruthlessly:
"You would not care for me to mention the Eros to Audrey?"
"You—cad!" Constance almost sobbed the words.

bed the words.

Harkness stopped and picked up a red and gold tulip, a miracle of coloring. Constance, sick at heart, seemed to see something symbolical in his plucking of a single beautiful blossom.

'I am simply dying for a cup of tea," Harkness said easily. 'Do you mind if we go back to the lawn? I am sure Audrey will be waiting for us. I shall take her this tulip, and tell her her water is very wonderful."

"But"—Constance seized his cont "But"-Constance seized his coat

alceve with trembling fingers— "you have not answered. You have not prom-"A man who makes no promises never breaks his word," answered

Harkness coldly.

He turned toward the house, and Constance followed him.

I am a beaten man. Your mother's tulips are unsurpassable."

They sat down, Aunt Ella grave and quiet, eyeing Constance curiously, Audrey happy and excited.

With the meal finished Harkness turned to Audrey and said: "By the way, the Academy this year is very interesting. If you care for modern art at all I should be awfully glad if you would go there with me. We might go tomorrow morning if it would suit you."

"I should love it," said Audrey.
"May I go, mamma?"



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-And We'll Have to Continue This Tomorrow By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office OH MISTER RIPPLE GERTIE WON'T EEEE! HOLD IT WAS THE BOSS MISS OFLAGE, I CAME TO F SHE DALY KNEW! OH, YOU LOOK SO WORK THE BOSS! - HE'S NOT AND TIRED! OH PLEASE DON'T TAKE TO DRINK OR ANYTHING! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT SO AS TO CONVINCE SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEAVE ON THE OUT OF TOWN IT BREAKS MY WE CAN DO TO CONVINCE BELIEVE ME. HEART, YOU KNOW MY HEAD GERTIE I STILL LOVE SHESTILL THINKS I OALY PUT MY HOLD MY HER. HERE WE -WERE - WERE -ARM OVER YOUR JUNE IS NEARLY SPOONING- AND SHOULDER JUST TO OH WHATS WRONG GERTIE IVE BEEN SO OVER AND IT'S SO SILLY COMFORT YOU WHEN WITH MY HEAD WORRIED MYSELF I BAT IT-AND WE WERE TO YOU CRIED! LIFE FEEL SICK -BE MARRIED ISA'T WORTH LIVING IN JUNE '



The young lady across the way says some of the Senators seem to have resorted to a philopena on the tariff.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FOX the Skipper often stops and uses the trolley wheel ar a pulley to have up a bucket of drinking water from the rock quarry sp

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS GUARDIAH ANGELS, SIRO VER

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PETEY—The Flapper Caddie By C. A. Voight 50, GIRLS ARE ACTING - DO YOU WISH A -TEE - VERY GOOD . SIR OH MYRTLE AS CADDIES HOW WORKING CADDIE, SIR - I'M THE CADDIE HEE -TAKE THIS THEIR WAY THRU COLLEGE- HERE MISTRESS - I'LL GENTLEMAN'S COMES A PIPPIN-CALL YOU OHE --I'LL SAY BAG-I Do -AVIELL

